

Torrance Herald

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KING WILLIAMS - GLENN W. PFEIL
REID L. BUNDY - Managing Editor

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Torrance Comes Through

Twenty-five years ago, heavy rains inundated much of the Southland, but a full-page section on the front page of the Torrance HERALD drew attention to the fact that Torrance remained high and dry while most Los Angeles communities were flooded and suffered tremendous damage.

While much has changed since that February day in 1937, Torrance once again could point to its neighbors from the vantage point of relatively dry land.

City officials admitted Friday evening that the city's sumps were near capacity after the heavy rains of Wednesday and Thursday, but with few exceptions, they proved adequate to the tremendous demands placed on them during the heaviest rainstorm of recent years.

The fate of Torrance during the storm which once more inundated large sections of the Southwest section of the county points out the wisdom of insistence on the part of city officials that adequate drainage be provided in all home developments, and showed further the reason city officials have been so insistent that County Flood Control District officials provide drainage for the city with some of the millions of dollars its taxpayers have put in the pot during recent years.

Few scenes are sadder than that of a family being taken from a home by boat.

For many years, the Council has banned building in the WALTERIA Lake region of the city, and a storm such as the one which has dumped more than three inches of water on the city this week upholds that decision as oratory never could.

Torrance was fortunate, but a small additional amount of storm water could have placed the city in the class of its neighbors.

It could be taken as a fair warning that the Council should not relax its demands on drainage facilities, nor should it cease to plan for the ultimate drainage system which could assure residents of the city that they could sit back and enjoy the fireplace on rainy days and nights.

Morning Report:

The President's plan to increase his Cabinet with a Department of Urban Affairs is running into trouble. Already it's being attacked as an invasion of States' Rights. But the first big invasion of those rights was the adoption of the Constitution in 1789.

I'm not sure we need the new department. But if the farmers have their own department, I don't see why we city people can't have ours.

The Department of Agriculture tells the farmers how to make more money growing bigger crops and then pays them for not doing it. Maybe the new department could work out something like that for us strap-hangers.

Abe Mellinkoff

Out of the Past

From the Pages of the HERALD

40 Years Ago

The HERALD of Feb. 10, 1922 carried a front page editorial calling for reorganization of the old Chamber of Commerce in the hope that industry could be induced to locate within the city. The editorial pointed out that "not one new industry came to Torrance during 1921 while 450 had located in the Los Angeles area." It went on to say:

"It wasn't because Torrance hasn't the advantages, the facilities, the ground at reasonable prices. No place has better advantages of location, climate and other assets to offer than Torrance. It is because our Chamber of Commerce has no one man or committee in position to place our advantages properly before proper industrial site-seekers — no one to follow up such prospects."

Mrs. Gordon Groves will sing again at the Torrance theater Saturday night. Her singing is also a delight to the audience. Another interesting announcement for the kiddies is the giving of free souvenirs to every child who attends the first episode of the great Ruth Roland feature serial, "White Eagle" beginning next Saturday night.

30 Years Ago

Work on the completion of the last link in the Vermont-Normandie highway connection between Los Angeles and the harbor started today, according to an announcement by the Peck Construc-

tion Co., to which the finishing of the four-mile stretch of paving was awarded. The pavement will be 30 feet in width on a 100-foot right-of-way.

Scoutmaster Robert Lewellen of Troop No. 3 has planned a "homecoming" meeting for his organization to be held at Scout hall on Carson Street Friday evening. All present and past members of the troop are invited to attend what is described as a "good fellowship meeting." The event is part of a national celebration heralding the 22nd Anniversary of the founding of the Boy Scout movement in America.

Torrance visitors to Death Valley reported that for the first time telephone conversation with the area was possible through lines brought to such popular resort places as Furnace Creek Inn and the Borax mine offices.

20 Years Ago

"If you get any chain letters through the mail or have the idea of starting one to promote the sale of Defense bonds or stamps — don't do it."

So warned THE HERALD in the second month of World War II. The fad was just then taking hold and spread throughout the country to make it necessary for the postal authorities to threaten fraud charges against the easy money enthusiasts.

An unexplained "Blue

Squeezing Them Into the Mold



James Dorais

Urban Bill Would Place Strain on Independence

Just as the real pros and cons over last year's Kennedy Administration advocacy of federal financing of education became sidetracked by the side issue of whether Catholic schools would be discriminated against under the proposal, currently the basic controversies in connection with the Administration's proposal for the creation of a Department of Urban Affairs and Housing are obscured by the prospect, repugnant to many Democrats, that a Negro, Robert C. Weaver, would head the proposed agency.

Actually, the far reaching significance of the proposal is that it would represent a bold step forward—or backward, depending on one's point of view—in the process of centralizing government powers at the national level, and in further eroding the principle, implicit in the Constitution, of limiting all governmental powers through their division and dispersal among many levels of government.

Until the present, that process of erosion has taken place largely through the growth of federal grants-in-aid programs which weaken the responsibilities of state governments by making them, in various areas, dependencies on the federal government.

Though the process has accelerated in recent years, it is no innovation. Federal "aid" had its genesis in 1837, during Andrew Jackson's administration. At that time, believe it or not, the federal government had a sizeable accumulated surplus and was embarrassed by it. To thwart free traders' demands for cutting import duties — at that time the federal government's chief source of revenue — the protectionist Congressional majority distributed the surplus to the states, no strings attached.

That first venture in federal aid set an inflationary

spiral in motion which culminated in a financial panic. Later ventures were channeled into specific programs, with the federal government calling the shots on how the moneys would be spent.

By 1914, grants-in-aid totaled \$8 million annually; by 1925, \$100 million; by 1940, \$900 million. Next year's federal budget contemplates grants-in-aid programs totaling nearly \$10 billion.

In this accelerated process, states' "rights" have been weakened as their responsibilities have been relinquished. The brand new element in the Kennedy proposal for a Department of Urban Affairs is that the state governments now would be by-passed entirely, with the federal government dealing directly with the nation's urban centers. The new department would be the first ever set up on geographic instead of functional lines.

The result would be twofold: when streets need repairs and water mains need replacing, city residents eventually will have to write their congressman instead of phoning City Hall; governors and state officials will more and more be relegated to routine, housekeeping, chamber of commerce-type functions.

ROYCE BRIER

Three-Cent Toots by U.S. Congressmen May Help Us

In late summer, when the Congress recesses, a considerable proportion of it hops overseas, about 200 congressmen last year. Some take their wives or office staffers. Most go to Europe, but a few go to the Orient.

The Air Force provides planes and crews. The State Department allots funds which are doled out by the embassies. They attend briefings, poke around officially in this and that, and if some make the scene in Via Veneto you saw in "La Dolce Vita," why, it's only human.

How much this costs the American taxpayer is a secret. State and Defense both impose a blackout. It's not that there's any real hanky-panky (wives must pay their own way); there are more compelling reasons for secrecy.

You see, the tabs are capricious: congressmen range from high rollers to austere. The high rollers don't want to get into discussions with reporters. So you get the angle: State and Defense must go to Congress for money. Why not keep your friends?

The best the reporters can do is estimate the total, around \$1.7 million in 1961. If this is roughly accurate, it averages out at about \$8,500 per congressman and party. This is stiff for a few weeks abroad, but not outrageous.

A little more arithmetic, and we find this junketing is about 1/55,000th of the budget the President just gave the Congress.

In the last century there was hardly a moment when it would profit us for a congressman to go abroad, ex-

cepting perhaps a few years when the vulture Napoleon III was setting up Maximilian on the Mexican throne.

This was largely true up to 1914, though an occasional trade committee chairman abroad might have helped. But as historians have been noting for some time, 1914 changed everything.

Excepting the President, these congressmen are your only representatives in our democracy. You are up to your neck in dire problems developing in Europe and Asia. It is eminently reasonable that the most obtuse congressman cannot but benefit all of us by a first-hand exploration of the world's plight.

A Bookman's Notebook

Small Kansas Town Gives Truman Capote New Scene

William Hogan

What makes the contemporary Southern American writer develop with such sure and steady artistry? It's the environment, Truman Capote informed me the other day. The pace, the irritations, indeed the whole fatiguing obsolescence of the South tends to work on the artist like a grain of sand in an oyster.

A New Orleans native who grew up in Alabama, Capote (he pronounces it Ca-poe-tee) was visiting in connection with research on a long work of nonfiction. He has been on this for about three years and has at least another year to go. It is set in a most unlikely locale for this urbane author of "The Grass Harp," "Breakfast at Tiffany's" and other works to choose — a small town in Kansas.

I met Capote at his hotel where he was fighting the noon chill with the help of an enormous knitted scarf and Martini cocktails. His voice carries a hint of his Southern origins. He is a small man who looks older than his 37 years, and nothing at all like the famous 1948 photograph on the jacket of his first novel.

In that, the new "enfant terrible" of American letters was stretched on a couch, wore bangs and the fixed stare of a movie actress—a portrait that became as widely discussed as "Other Voices, Other Rooms."

Capote has abandoned fiction for the moment to pursue the "art of reportage." An example of this was his stunning New Yorker profile of Marlon Brando which Capote wrote in Japan during the filming of "Sayonara." He explained:

"I took the most vulgar idea in journalism—an interview with a movie star—and tried to make it a work of art." Capote admitted it came off very well indeed, and trusts his much longer Kansas project will be as effective.

Capote has lived in the West Indies, Paris, Tangier, Venice, Sicily and New York. His current writing base is a Swiss village, comfortably remote from the abodes of other American expatriate writers, like Irwin Shaw, Robert Ruark and James Jones. The trouble with meeting American writers abroad, Capote said, is that they discuss only one subject — money.

The author of "Breakfast at Tiffany's" had nothing to do with the recent Audrey Hepburn film version, which he found "awful." The only movie he enjoyed writing was "Beat the Devil," a gigantic spoof that John Huston and Humphrey Bogart made in 1953. This was designed as a satire on such thrillers as Bogart's "The Maltese Falcon," but nobody got the joke and the movie flopped at the box office. Hadn't I noticed a Capote film writing credit on "Ben-Hur"?

"My God no! That was Gore Vidal!" Capote explained that while he always

needed money, things have never been quite that bad for him.

Katherine Anne Porter, author of "Flowering Judas," "Pale Horse, Pale Rider," will have her long-awaited novel published March 26 by Atlantic - Little, Brown.

"Ships of Fools" is set aboard a German liner bound from Mexico to Europe in the early 1930s. Characters include Germans, Spaniards, Swiss, Mexicans and Americans. The novel has been chosen as the April selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Around the World With



DELAPLANE

"What is the least expensive way to go to Europe — time not being a problem?"

On Icelandic, flying DC6Bs; go before April 30 and you get round-trip from New York for \$320. (Landing at Luxembourg, which is central.)

If you take the family during this time, wives and children, 12 through 25 years (!) go at about half fare.

This is quite cut-rate. Reason: Icelandic is not a member of IATA, the international group of airlines which sets similar prices for everybody. No jets, but cheap.

"Can I have my pay check mailed to me in London (while on vacation) and cash it there?"

Might be some problem. Why don't you have it deposited here and pick up the credit with a corresponding bank there? Bank of America, for instance, has a big branch in London, about a block from Claridge's Hotel.

"Many people have recommended Mazatlan in Mexico for a week. But my husband and I like more primitive places . . ."

Try Puerto Vallarta some miles south — fly in from Mazatlan or from Guadalajara. There's no road. Or Manzanillo is plenty on the primitive side. Even further south.

I think almost ALL ports without roads are primitive — Puerto Angel in the far south is lit by charcoal. Saturday night is one guitar. And Maidenform never arrived in this part of the world.

"We plan a year in Switzerland. What about schools?"

The best. Plenty of boarding schools, universities, etc. \$1 to U.S. National Student Assn., Education Travel, Inc., 20 West 38th St., New York City, brings you a good booklet: "Work, Study, Travel Abroad." Covers ALL Europe.

Another source: Swiss National Tourist Office, 661 Market St., San Francisco (Call DO 2-2260).

"How much can you take into France in dollars? To spend?"

The French are generous about this. Take in any amount. Take a million.

"Whom do we tip and how much on a cruise to the Caribbean?"

Give the room steward \$1 a day per person. Same to the dining room steward. Give the bellboys a quarter per service and a little change each time to the bar steward.

The wine steward in the dining room gets a couple of dollars a week — if you use him. Tip headwaiters only if they make special dishes or rearrange the table for you or something.

This is a proposition done by guess. No company official and no ship's union will answer this question. But above is the way I do it. So far, no problem.

Stan Delaplaine finds it impossible to answer all of his travel mail.

For his intimate tips on Japan, Italy, England, France, Russia, Hawaii, Mexico, Ireland, and Spain (10 cents each), send coins and stamped, self-addressed, large envelope to the Torrance HERALD, Box RR, Torrance, Calif.

Quote

"I want to dispel the illusion that I dislike the State Water Plan. My position is, I loathe, abhor, and abominate it." — State Senator George Miller Jr., Martinez.

"There was a time when the parson was the only expert at preparing people for travel in outer space." — Bert Masterson, Hartsdale (N.Y.) Masterson Press.

"One of the happiest endings in the movies is when the guy behind you finishes his popcorn." — John L. Teets, Richmond, (W. Va.) Nicholas Republican.

A hangover isn't usually so serious until you find you can't stand the roar of the bromo seltzer." — Gordon Squires, Cascade (Ida.) News.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER



"President Kennedy would think young people get ENOUGH exercise if he had a car like yours!"